

# On Wings of Wireless

by ARTHUR B. REEVE

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(Continued from our last issue)

CHAPTER VI.  
THE WIRELESS DICTAPHON.  
"Your wireless dictaphon,"

Bully!" exclaimed Garrick. "We could use that little mechanical eavesdropper. Where is it?"

"In my laboratory," Garrick's face fell. He glanced at his watch and then at the sun. "Yes, I think we can make it."

Two hours later found them in Dick's own wireless workshop. It was the bathroom on his estate where he had done some remarkable things with wireless. It was true that Defoe had some wonderful equipment but all the equipment in the world would not have availed him if he had not had that spark of inventive genius inherited from his famous father.

Outside he had a big aerial from two steel towers. Garrick looked with admiration at the completeness of the workshop inside, the back saws, miter saws, cross-cut saws, frames, chisels, gouges, files, vises. There were drills, hands, breast, geared and twist, pliers with all sorts of noses. There was wire, copper, iron, aluminum, plain and insulated, of all sizes, flexible insulated wire, enough for a supply store. Fibre board and bakelite, porcelain insulators, tubing, sheet brass, sheet copper, everything at the very fingertips of the young inventor.

Interested though he would have been at any other time, Garrick urged haste. Dick led him promptly to a table on which was his apparatus.

"So this is the Defoe Wireless Dictaphon," complimented Garrick, picking up the familiar little round



THE CONVERSATION WAS LUCRATIVE TO HER.

transmitter like that which he had used so many times on the wired machine.

As he packed the parts Dick hastily enumerated them, his sending set, batteries, coils of wire, small portable antennae, and the receiving

They at least had everything strapped in on the rear of Garrick's car and as they swung up toward the turnpike they stopped for a moment at the Nonwauwau Club.

As Dick hopped out, followed by Guy, there was a suspicious silence on the club porch as often happens when the friends of an interesting factor of the preceding conversation draw nigh. Silence is Freudian.

Dick winked at Garrick. A box on old lady, trembling for gossip, was actually short-breathed to get to Garrick before a group of flappers, Ruth's friends, reached him.

"Mr. Garrick—ah-h-h—Mr. Garrick!" The flappers won out. They nearly always do these days. "Hey, Dick! Where's Ruth?"

"Have you heard how badly she was hurt?" For heaven's sake, get her back here. The place is dead without Ruth.

The old lady plumped down in a nearby chair to listen, actually with mouth open.

With a smile on his face, Professor Vario of the Radio Central at Rock Ledge, crossed over to them to make friendly inquiries.

"Going into the city?" inquired Vario when Garrick returned with a small handbag from his room.

"Yes," observing how Vario was dressed—"are you?"

"I was waiting for the club bus to take me up to the station. Yes, to the Radio Show at the Seventy-first Regiment Armory. I'm to give a lecture and demonstration tonight of my new wave meter."

"Well, jump in."

The professor was eager to assist them in every way as far as they chose to take him into their confidence. Garrick had met him many times at the Club and Dick and Vario had had much in common in their work. He seemed particularly interested in keeping Ruth out of further harm and very sympathetic toward Mrs. Walden in her trouble.

However, Garrick did not propose to discuss much with even Vario and on the way he and Dick fell into a discussion of their hobby, especially on Vario's lecture on his new wave meter.

"So many amateurs," explained Vario, "have difficulty in finding the wave length of the broadcasting stations that I have concluded that some simple method of tuning and calibrating the set would clear things up, especially for those who are some distance away from the sending stations. The weak signals to begin with and must listen in on very nearly the proper wave length if they are to get any signals at all."

"I see," nodded Dick. "For that purpose a wave meter is needed. It's to the radio what a pitch pipe is to a piano tuner."

"Yes. Mine is simply a calibrated, oscillating circuit and is one of the simplest circuits to build." The professor launched into a description of his small coil, variable condenser, valve meter, phones, and general hook-up.

As Garrick called on Mrs. Walden at her apartment on Park

avenue. She had got ahead of anyone else and had had Ruth's car in a garage. They stopped there a moment and Professor Vario's solicitude for Mrs. Walden seemed to offer Garrick the opportunity to get rid of him, for they certainly did not want any strangers about in what they were going to do.

"But the show," remonstrated Mrs. Walden as Vario offered to stay and do anything he could to relieve her anxiety.

"I'll telephone them that I'm delayed. They can postpone my stunt until later in the evening," he insisted. "And Mrs. Walden, don't you worry when you have two such good friends as Garrick and Dick helping. You should have seen the way they settled the porch crowd—and you can count on me as a third. I may be the last but I hope not the least where Miss Ruth's welfare is concerned."

"I really appreciate your kindness deeply—but, of course, I want my little girl. I can't think of anything else. I can't talk over the telephone, right; I can't read; I am just incapacitated until Ruth gets back to me."

"Dick, I'll stay with Mrs. Walden for a little while, if I may. I know she needs some help. If you want me later I'll be at the Radio Show," Garrick thanked him, then leaned over Nina Walden. "We'll have some word tonight—sure. By tomorrow you'll have her back—safe."

Outside he found McKay and delivered Mrs. Walden's instructions. "You are to take Professor Vario down to the Armory to the Radio Show; then you may put the car up."

Garrick had been thinking out a plan for the installing of the dictaphon. Up the street from the Inner Circle were two houses turned into studio apartments. He found the caretaker and the conversation was lucrative to her.

Dick selected and carried up to the roof the apparatus and they went as silently as possible across the intervening roofs until they came to the roof of the Inner Circle.

It was a curious roof. In the center had been built a great concrete box as big as a room. There was no time to investigate that, however.

Garrick crawled with a line down the chimney, by sounding, until he located the due to the Pink Room. Then, dangling down, he lowered the dictaphon transmitter until it must have hung a foot from the floor of the hearth back of the iron grill work under the mantel below in the Pink Room.

Meanwhile, on the roof, Dick had been busy placing his sending set and Garrick helped him complete the set-up.

As they left the studio house, two men were passing. One of them brushed suspiciously against Dick with enough force to knock the bag he was carrying out of his hand.

Garrick controlled his temper. Here were the mysterious shadowers again. Were they emissaries of the gang?

Garrick picked up the bag himself, looked significantly at the man, and remarked, "Well, see? Nothing dropping."

As they had been at work on the roof, they had determined on placing the receiving end up at Garrick's apartment which was only several blocks uptown.

At Bachelor's Hall Dick worked rapidly, for it was now getting dark in spite of the length of the day. He unpacked the receiving end of his wireless dictaphon in the room, then went up on the roof and erected the portable aerial.

Carefully and deftly he began to tune up, now that the second installation was complete. It was rather difficult to get the fine adjustment, but at last he got the right wave length.

He looked up at Garrick, smiled, and took the headgear off, handing it to him. "Get it?"

Garrick adjusted it, listened for a moment in some perplexity, then exclaimed, "Why, I can hear the whirr of a vacuum cleaner in the room!"

Dick smiled proudly. "I think I've made the transmitter about as sensitive a microphone as can be made. I only hope it isn't so sensitive that it picks up through the wall what happens in the house next door."

They listened in for several minutes but there was nothing more yet. Whoever was cleaning the room finished and left.

The buzzer on Garrick's door sounded. He opened it only a crack. It was McKay.

"I just saw that Rae Laure, with a man, at the Park Garage on Sixtieth street, where I put the car up."

"What sort of looking man?"

"I didn't know him, sir. Sort of shaggy hair."

"Brook!" exclaimed Dick, who had come over the car. He didn't stay long; went downtown, I think."

Rae had been fussing with the interior of one car in the long line in the garage. She was apparently not busy but McKay noticed that she glanced out to meet him.

Glenn greeted her with a sickly smile.

"Well, you poor fish!" exclaimed Rae. "You must believe in ghosts. You look as though you'd seen one. What are you doing here?"

"Just looking in to see if there's anyone about."

"Gee, Glenn, I'm thirsty. Let's go down to the Inner Circle. Will you take me?"

"Surely, Rae. Always glad to relieve a drought and be charitable to my own at the same time."

Rae grabbed his arm and swung up behind the wheel. They were off.

To himself Glenn had had to admit that no one could be bored in Rae's society. No wonder Vira was jealous. But he wouldn't have taken a dozen Raes for one Vira. He didn't like coarseness and sometimes Rae did not suit his fastidious nature. Vira with all her modernity, vivacity and recklessness never was coarse.

McKay had gone, properly rewarded, and Garrick was pondering over what he had just learned.

"Were they the three at the Park estate last night—Rae, Brock and Jack?" he speculated aloud at length.

"But Jack could hardly have been back then," hastened Dick. "He must have been on the 'Bacchante'."

"How about Glenn?"

"Or Georges?" parried Dick. "Perhaps. What of Ruth?"

"Say, Dick, I'm going to leave you here with that wireless dictaphon. You can work it best any how. I must get a line on that garage and do it right away."

Down the street in a lunchroom Garrick caught sight of McKay again and beckoned him quietly out.

"I was thinking about calling you up, sir, soon," informed McKay. "I was just talking to one of the polishers in there. He tells me that Jack Curtis gave orders to some driver about the place, a stranger, to go after something at 11 o'clock. He didn't know what it was or where it was but he gave him a key, sir."

McKay pointed the fellow, a stranger, out, and Garrick reached into his pocket for his ever-ready roll of bills.

McKay seemed really offended. "Mr. Garrick—please. I didn't feel right when you slipped me that other five spot. Mrs. Walden has been so fine to me—I've driven her

three years—and, as you might say, seen Miss Ruth grow up. Say, I believe I'd lose an arm or a leg to get this thing settled straight."

Garrick waited. It was now half past nine. He had an hour and a half to watch. As he did so he revolved the two robberies over and over in his mind. Each time his thought led him to the same path.

Who was the "man higher up?" Was it Jack Curtis? Or Brock? Might it not be Georges? What, after all, did he know about Georges, since before the war and during the easy violation of selling service men that which is wet?

It was nearly midnight when Garrick in whom seemed like reliable tactical, concluded the wailing of the man who had received instructions from Curtis.

He had evidently been waiting until the streets were sufficiently deserted. Now he drew his car, a big sedan, up to the curb, leaving the engine running, but well muffled, as silent as sleeve valves could make it.

Garrick dismissed his taxi at the corner and began to reconnoitre. To his amazement he saw that he was on the block where was the town home of Vira Gerard's family.

It was an added shock when he saw that the car had stopped just in front of the Gerard house and that the driver had entered the gate and was fumbling with a key at the door.

Garrick quickened his steps. It was now or never to get in on this mystery.

As he turned in at the gate the man at the door heard him, looking quickly as if expecting him, then catching a better look uttered an oath and swung on him.

Garrick parried and countered. The man went sprawling backward on the bit of turf of the little front yard.

At that moment Garrick heard the clatter of feet from across the street and around the motor. But before he could turn, the other man was on him, bearing him down with the momentum of the rush. He was a husky but Garrick felt he could outwrestle him.

The fellow sprawling on the turf swore again as he crouched up on his hands and knees, waiting to get a hold.

Two were more than Garrick could handle as legs and arms and heads cut the turf, getting ever nearer the sharp pickets of the fence.

(Continued in our next issue.)

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THE MAN WENT SPRAWLING BACKWARD.

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## DOINGS OF THE DUFFS



## THE MESSAGE WAS SIDETRACKED



## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



## A MATTER OF LOCAL COLOR



## BY BLOSSER

## THE BICKER FAMILY



## AN EMBARRASSING SITUATION



## BY SATTERFIELD

## SALESMAN \$AM



## A "HORSE" ON SAM



## BY SWAN

## EVERETT TRUE



## BY CONDO OUT OUR WAY



## BY WILLIAMS



## WOMEN, EH? WHEN WE WERE MARRIED YOU PROMISED FAITHFULLY TO FORGET OTHER WOMEN!!!!



## THE OLD FISH MAN CERTAINLY KNOWS WHERE THEY WANT FISH.

